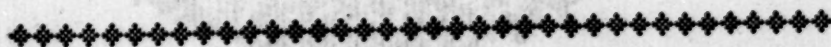


THE
T E A R S
OF
TWICKENHAM.



[Price ONE Shilling.]

THE

NEW

YORK

WICKERHAM

1850

1850

1850

THE
T E A R S
OF
TWICKENHAM.
A P O E M.

INVIDIAM placare parat, Virtute relicta.



L O N D O N :


Printed for BENJAMIN WHITE, at Horace's Head, in Fleet-street.

M.DCC.LXVI.

April 29.



THE
T E A R S
OF
TWICKENHAM.

 HE Meadows * mourn'd, --- no faery Feet
The frost-encrusted Surface beat,
But Silence rul'd the Hour; around
Scarce did the Image of a Sound,

B Reflected

* A delicious Walk, so called, on the Banks of the *Thames*, at *Twickenham*.

Reflected from the Landſchape near,
 Obtrude upon the timorous Ear :
 What Time, emergent from the Flood,
 Confess'd a weeping Naiad flood,
 Who thus, the ſecret Shores among,
 Effus'd her melancholy Song.

HINDLEY, --- whoſe open, generous Heart,
 Like his own *Thames*, did ſtill impart
 Pleaſure and Profit to the Place,
 Where-e'er he gave his honeſt Face ---
 Held, to enjoy a large Eſtate,
 The Maxim is, --- *Communicate*.
 Diſpers'd abroad his Bounty flew, ---
 No ſolitary Joys he knew.
 The Poor, the Rich, the Gay, th' Aggriev'd,
 His hoſpitable Dome receiv'd ;
 Where *Plenty*, --- roſy-featur'd Maid,
 In attic Dignity array'd,

Bare

Bore the full Horn, and freely pour'd
 Without Profusion, round the Board,
Science and *Wit* here never stand,
 Smiting the Door with dubious Hand;
 But with confirm'd, domestic Air,
 Came in, and fill'd their easy Chair.
 The Raptures of the Great and Blest
 The Master's Sympathy encreas'd,
Want had his Alms, and *Sorrow* here
 The lenient Med'cine of a Tear.

Genius of Friendship! thou, whose Sway
 None but the Wise and Good obey,---
 Say, on the Banks of all the Streams,
 That rolls the mild, majestic *Thames*,
 What Fane so sacred dost thou see
 Vow'd to *Benevolence*, and Thee?

Envy,

Envy, the Scene of calm Delight
 Beheld ; and sick'ning at the Sight,
 She thus exclaim'd : " Ye Pow'rs below !
 " Aid me to strike some fatal Blow,
 " To spoil, or interrupt at least,
 " The Joys of that continual Feast,
 " Where I was never known a Guest."

She spoke ; --- and from her horrid Side,
 Lo, ^{*}*Granville* starts, with eager Stride,
 (So wont her Dictates to obey)
 And tore his Fortunes half away ; ---
 A Stipend earn'd, nay, *bought*, in Truth,
 By the long Labours of his Youth.
 That Youth, whose Diligence bestow'd
 On aught beside the *Public Good*,
 Might, e'er he wax'd, or faint, or old,
 Have challeng'd unprecarious Gold.

** George Granville turned this History out,
 who was deputy-Treasurer of the Exchequer
 under Grenville's son, as he had been under
 Lord Macclesfield.*

When

When Age unnerves the Limbs, 'tis vain
To fight Life's Conflict o'er again.

Twit'nham, the Muses' calm Retreat,
With Horror view'd the desp'rate Feat, ---
Abuse of heav'n-descended Pow'r, ---
And wept through ev'ry social Bow'r.
Who would refrain? --- to see that Tide
Of regal Bounty spreading wide
Erewhile to all; diverted now
Through one dark, dirty Channel flow,
Sullen, and all its Waters take
To swell th' Oppressor's stagnant Lake?
Where unemploy'd, quite dead it lies,
And stinks a Nuisance to the Skies.
While he, in all the Pride of Wrong
Triumphant, thus employ'd his Tongue:

" Goddefs! to whose eternal Reign,
 " And thine, o sacred Lust of Gain!
 " I vow'd myself, and now engage
 " The G——s of a future Age
 " In firm Allegiance, at your Shrine
 " Off'ring this infant Son of mine;
 " Like humbled HINDLEY's, be the Fate
 " Of all those virtuous Fools we hate;
 " It *shall*, where-e'er my Pow'r extends, ---
 " What Matter whether Foes, or Friends?
 " If by their Life arraigning me,
 " They dare be gen'rous, and be free.
 " Inexorably fix'd I stand,
 " As when *America* her Hand
 " High rais'd, in agonizing Pray'r,
 " And begg'd --- conjur'd me but to *hear*
 " Her Children's Plea, and timely save
 " A madning Nation from the Grave.
 " Presumption!

- “ Presumption! Insult! though the Strife
 “ Involv’d their Liberty and Life;
 “ Yet, when opposing my Decree,
 “ What are their Words, or Worlds to me?

He ceas’d; --- and thus the Monster speaks, ---
 The faint Smiles flutt’ring on her Cheeks, ---

- “ Oh, born each drooping Hope to raise,
 “ Accept the Tribute of my Praise:
 “ But for thyself, and P^{*it*} alone,
 “ Ambition’s ever-restless Son ---
 “ Thrice potent Name! whose magic Sound
 “ Can raise Rebellion, or confound
 “ Falsehood and Truth, make Order dye; ---
 “ Spirit of Inconsistency,
 “ Whom no weak Rules might ever fix;
 “ LA MANCHA’S *Knight* in Politics,
 “ WHITEFIELD of Eloquence! in Fame
 “ A new EROSTRATUS; the same,

“ Whether

" Whether by Fire, or by REPEAL,
 " They sink the Glory of the Weal,
 " If from the Ruin they can raife
 " Themselves to Wonder, and to Praise: ---
 " Ah, but for you (with Tears I see
 " Such Souls congenial disagree)
 " Those Virtues which we now contemn,
 " Effulgent from the *Diadem*,
 " Had spread dull Peace the Kingdom round,
 " And Unanimity been found
 " In ev'ry Council; --- then my Lot
 " Had been to dye, and be forgot.
 " Friend of my Life! take while I live, ---
 " Take all a grateful Heart may give ---
 " My Thanks for ev'ry Labour past,
 " Chiefly for This, not least, though last;
 " For in that comprehensive Deed,
 " Through one, perhaps a thousand bleed.

The

The Thought a tranſient Pleaſure wakes
 Along her languid Length of Snakes ;
 Which riſing, from their various Jaws
 Hiſs forth unanimous Applauſe.

But fee! ſuperior to the Stroke,
 As to the Storm the Mountain Oak,
 The good Man bears his ſacred Head,
 Of Knaves and Fools ſtill more the dread ;
 Nor feels, nor to their Fury bends,
 Or feels it only for his Friends :
 Pityſ the Poor now half undone,
 And in their Loſs forgets his own.

T H E E N D.

The Thought a transient Pleasure takes
Along her languid length of back, and
Which rising from their various jaws
His forth ungracious Aphrodisiac
But feel superior to the stroke
As to the storm the Mountain Oak
The Good Man bears his fated Head
Of Knave and Fool he goes the dead
Not feels not to their fury hands
Or feels it only for his friends
Pity the Poor now half undone
And in their Loss forgets his own

T. H. D.